

# THE DIAL

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## JONAS LIE.

The great names of Ibsen and Björnson have so overshadowed the names of their fellow-workers in the field of letters that to the world at large they have appeared to comprise the sum total of contemporary Norwegian literature. Norway is so small a country that it has seemed something of a concession on the part of the outside public to recognize the significance of even its two foremost spokesmen to mankind, and nothing short of compelling genius would have been able to force such a tribute. Nevertheless, Norway has been for the past century a nation in spirit (now being one in fact also), and from the days when Wergeland sounded his trumpet call of emancipation all the way down to our own its proud people have claimed the attributes of other and larger peoples, and among those attributes the possession of a distinctive national literature. That literature, as the investigator speedily discovers, is surprisingly rich when we consider all the circumstances of its development, and is adorned by many names besides those of its Dioscuri of world-wide fame. Among those names that of Jonas Lie, who died at Christiania on the fifth of this month, in his seventy-fifth year, takes a high place—perhaps the place of third importance in the Norwegian literature of the past forty years.

Less than a year the junior of Björnson, and only five years the junior of Ibsen, Jonas Lauritz Idemil Lie was born November 6, 1833, the son of a lawyer father and a Finnish mother. The late Professor Boyesen found in him a sort of dual personality, and sought to account for it by the mingling of strains that gave him birth. From his mother he "inherited the fantastic strain in his blood, the strange superstitious terrors, and the luxuriant wealth of color which he lavished upon his poems and his first novel." From his father he "derived his good sense, his intense appreciation of detail, and his strong grip on reality. His career represents at its two poles a progression from the adventurous romanticism of his maternal heritage to the severe wide-awake realism of the paternal—the emancipation of the Norseman from the Finn." It was the Finn in him that first developed and found expression in his writings,

for his boyhood was spent in Nordland, where nature is fantastic and superstition is in the air. Afterwards, when he became a lawyer, and contracted one of the most lastingly happy of marriages, the Norseman got the upper hand, and he became hard-headed and practical.

As a boy, his first ambition was to be a gunsmith, his next to go to sea. He was actually an applicant for naval training, but was rejected on account of myopia. After this rebuff, there was nothing for it but the regular educational grind, so he went to Christiania, and passed through the preparatory school to the University. Björnson and Ibsen were both among his associates at this time, and then began his life-long friendship with the former, to whose early influence he often acknowledged a deep indebtedness. His parents wanted to make him a parson, but he preferred to become a lawyer, and was presently at work in the practice of his profession in the rich lumber town of Kongsvinger. He regarded the calling he had chosen as a choice of evils, but he prospered in it — giving it variety by dabblings in politics and journalism — and in the early thirties found himself a fairly well-to-do man and an important personage. Then came the financial crash of 1867-8, which swept away every dollar he had, besides leaving him technically responsible for many more — the consequence of an easy-going habit of endorsing commercial paper for his friends. This catastrophe marked the turning-point in Lie's life. He decided to abandon the law and become a man of letters. He even determined, manfully, and perhaps quixotically, to follow Scott's example, and earn by novel-writing the wherewithal to meet the heavy obligations which weighed him down, and from which he might easily enough have obtained legal release.

From the time of his early twenties, Lie had been a scribbler of verse, but his song was more rugged than pleasing, and its cacophonies more frequent than its harmonies. Nevertheless, the volume of his "Poems," dated 1867, and reissued, with additions, more than a score of years later, has to be reckoned with. It includes ringing songs of the sea and studies in fantastic romance that betoken a genuine gift. But it was as a novelist that Lie was to gain his real fame, and when he started life over again in Christiania, it was to the writing of fiction that he gave his best energies. For the first years, life was hard. He had a wife and four children, and it was not easy to support them. He eked out some sort of a living by school-teaching

and political journalism, until, in 1870, he achieved a brilliant success with "The Visionary," his first novel. It was a revelation of the Finnish side of his personality, and was filled with the memories of his youth under the Arctic circle. Besides bringing him a financial reward, this novel also brought him governmental recognition, which at first took the form of a travelling stipend for several years, and then made him, like Björnson and Ibsen, the recipient of the annual "poet's salary" with which the enlightened Norwegian nation encourages literary talent. The amount is not large, but the honor is great, and is apt to stimulate to heightened endeavor. He went to Rome, that Mecca of Scandinavian men of letters, and devoted himself to the double task of broadening his culture and writing further novels. The succeeding years produced a long series of books, of which we may mention the following: "The Barque Future" (1872), "The Pilot and His Wife" (1874), "Thomas Ross" (1878), "Adam Schrader" (1879), "Rutland" (1881), "Press On" (1882), "The Life Prisoner" (1883), "The Family at Gilje" (1883), "A Maelstrom" (1884), "Married Life" (1887), "Maise Jons" (1888), "The Commodore's Daughters" (1890), "Powers of Evil" (1890), "Niobe" (1893), and "When the Curtain Falls" (1901). This list is far from complete, but it includes the most important titles. The book last-named, like Ibsen's "When We Dead Awake," is a sort of epilogue to the work of his life. A contemporary critic, Dr. Poul Levin, calls it Lie's deepest and most comprehensive work. "It has a sort of finality, because it comprises all of Lie's other books, and may hardly be understood without taking them for granted."

Besides the books above named, Lie was the author of many sketches and short stories, and of a few works in dramatic form, the most noticeable of which, "Grabow's Cat," enjoyed a moderate theatrical success. We must say a special word of "Troll," a collection of fantastic tales published in 1892. In this work the incurable romanticism of his nature once more found expression, and the realist seemed to have disappeared. Boyesen says of this work: "It was as if a volcano, with writhing torrents of flame and smoke, had burst forth from under a sidewalk in Broadway." When we consider the totality of his work, in connection with the fact that his first novel was not written until he had reached middle life, we must wonder at a literary activity so surprising. For his work, voluminous as it is, was always conscientiously done, and

everywhere exhibits a fineness of texture that betokens the artist.

In the course of his development, Lie essayed several styles and themes. His earlier successes seemed to mark him as the novelist of sea-faring folk, and to set him beside his Danish contemporary Drachmann. Later, he plunged into realism, and "The Life Prisoner" brought him into comparison with Zola and Dostoevsky. The special problems of business life had a fascination for him; he knew them well from his own experience, and worked them into some of his novels. In the delineation of his heroines, and the presentation of the feminine point of view, he exhibited an insight and a delicate sympathy that made him comparable with Ibsen. Lastly, he was the novelist of the home, with its tender intimacies and its strong influence upon the development of character. It is perhaps in this last aspect, as illustrated by "The Family at Gilje" and "Married Life," that he is most cherished by his fellow-countrymen.

From the time of his first visit to Rome, Lie's life was that of a cosmopolitan. Paris was his favorite residence, and, in fact, his home for a large part of every year. He felt, no less strongly than Björnson and Ibsen, that the chief need of Scandinavians was to be kept in contact with the fresh currents of the intellectual life of Europe. He spoke particularly of the "eruptive" character of German, French, and Russian literature, and of the way in which they "were showering the kindling sparks of new ideas and glowing aspirations upon the farthest corners of the earth." But his interpretation of modern modes of thought always made for soberness and sanity, and he was never tempted to join the band of those modern writers who seem to think that genius, to prove its title, must be erratic. His work now ended, he has joined the wife whose companionship was the chief factor in his happiness, and whose death, not long ago, was such a grief as he had never before known. State honors were bestowed upon his obsequies.

THE westward movement of the American Library Association, in its change of headquarters from Boston to Chicago, as decreed by the librarians lately in session at Minnetonka, is a natural and a desirable action. The centre of the American library world is no longer in New England, energetic and progressive though that section of the country has always been in all that relates to the diffusion of learning. As already observed by us, Chicago is becoming more and more nearly the centre of our library-using population, and it will be a good many years before that central point, or central meridian, will be found to have shifted still further toward the west.

### THE SOLIDARITY OF LITERATURE.

If a stranger to our planet, unacquainted with its natural laws, were to go down to the margin of the sea, at the low ebb of the tide, he would find the ocean stretching motionless before him, apparently fixed within set bounds. But presently little tongues of wave would begin to run up unto his feet; if he stood still they would encircle him and cut him off from dry land; then the billows would come rolling in, each higher than the last; he would look about him in despair; it would seem to him that that quiet thing, the sea, had become alive, and was preparing to swallow the earth and the monuments thereof. But our stranger need only to wait; the earth would still lift its head above the waters; little by little these would recede, and everything would be as it was before.

The movements and momentary fads of literature are much like the tides. They are necessary to keep the ocean of life from stagnating, the world of humanity alive; but they are recurrent, periodical, and do not change anything very much.

The banners under which artists and writers fight — the watchwords, shibboleths, party cries which they go forward sounding, — are fine things to inspire them, to keep them together, to nerve them for the struggle. Men are always more willing to go out and be killed if they are dressed up in uniform and have a standard advancing before them. And the waving of flags, the flourishing of trumpets, the agitations of battle, are good to impress and draw the attention of the public. Mankind would probably sit down content with its old art, if every now and then someone did not start up to tell it that the work of the past was faded and false and foolish, and that he had a recipe for a new literature, a new music, a new painting, which would rejuvenate the world. And, being curious, mankind very often does trade the old lamps for the new ones and gives away a talisman which can command the genii for a tin vessel.

There are, and always have been, two great armies encamped over against each other in literature — the idealists and the realists: those who paint man as he is, and those who paint him as he should be; those who draw from the idea, and those who copy from experience. All the skirmishes, forays, onsets, retreats and changing fortunes of literature are part of this great war. Yet the combatants are always changing sides or setting up separate standards of their own, and in the last analysis there is so little difference between them that the melody seems to be carried on for fun rather than for principle.

In one of the first and finest pieces of literary criticism we have, "The Frogs" of Aristophanes, the struggle I have indicated is shown as on in full force. The great comic poet adored Æschylus, respected Sophocles, and detested Euripides as a newcomer and a leveller. Undoubtedly there are differences in the poetic gifts of the three men —



between the heroic sublimity of Æschylus, the serene steady art of Sophocles, and the sentimental and pathetic naturalness of Euripides. But they all painted life, they all projected wonderful and remarkable figures, and the work of one could very easily be mistaken for that of another. Æschylus might have been proud to claim the Bacchanals, and Euripides might easily have signed the Philoctetes. To-day all their pieces are alike classic and supposed to be separated by a wide gulf of demarcation from modern work. I say supposed; for the Greek plays have the one and only quality which really counts in literature — vitality. Even as stage plays, given a fair chance, they could probably hold their own against anything new.

The terms "classic" and "romantic" came into use in Germany perhaps a hundred and fifty years ago as the shibboleths of two opposing factions. Classic was supposed to indicate a view of life, an attitude of mind, sane, noble, healthy; romantic, a diseased and morbid condition of thought which drove one to deal in horrors of any kind — death-heads, charnel vaults, religious mania, sexual aberrations, the supernatural. Goethe, by precept and example, pointing to Greek literature, enforced this distinction. I confess I am unable to see anything eminently sane and wholesome in the horrible stories of Agamemnon or Ædipus, in the murderous frenzies of Achilles. And the supernatural in the Odyssey, the Persians, the Golden Ass of Apuleius, is very much like the supernatural in the Divine Comedy, Hamlet, or the folk-lore stories. It must be remembered that we have very little of Greek literature. If we could browse through the Alexandrian library we could probably find a parallel and analogue for every modern book or mode of thought.

After the classicists and romanticists had fought out their fight, the realists came upon the scene and buried their predecessors, dead and living alike, — and, indeed, buried the whole past, as savoring of decay. Nothing was worth while except brand-new documents of life. Everything had to be painted or photographed from the model; and as the easiest models to come at were of the low or middle classes, literature sunk at once to the mediocre in intelligence and form. Prose superseded verse — the novel, the drama. The return to nature which was preached meant a descent to the commonplace. Writers went about by the score with their notebooks open to take down the most meaningless chatter or to mark the most insignificant acts of mankind. Any old bore of a farmer or sailor or fisherman could become the hero; any empty-headed, goose-necked girl, the heroine of a book. But as the poorest writer in the world inevitably craves for something strong in character or plot or situation, realism broke into two branches — one, naturalism, dealing with the horrible details of poverty and vice, and finally setting up a school of its own, the decadents, who glorified these things; and the other, satire, which healthfully reacted upon its material with humor — poured salt in the wounds

of life to heal them. It is hardly necessary to say that none of the doctrines of realism were new — none of its works without previous example. The new comedy of Athens must have precisely anticipated, and in a more brilliant fashion, all that our realists have done. The young poet who was advised to study the people, and replied that he had just bought a copy of Terence and Plautus, was not so far wrong. Lucian and Petronius could give points to Zola or Maupassant. Indeed, there is a Hindoo play — "The Little Clay Cart" of King Shudraka — which, sixteen hundred years old, is fresher and truer in its realistic painting of life than almost any modern play or novel. And, strange to say, from this primitive Asiatic comedy emerge two of Shakespeare's most wonderful figures, Cloten and Imogen.

The latest organized movement in literature seems to be that of Symbolism. Symbolism, I suppose, is largely the thing that used to be called allegory — and allegory is as old as the world. Whole epochs have been dominated by it — as, for example, the thirteenth century, when the two authors of the *Roman de la Rose* produced a pivotal work which influenced Dante on the one hand and Spenser on the other. Mankind has about made up its mind, however, that these poets are great in spite of, rather than because of, their allegory. As Hazlitt said, if you let the allegory in their works alone it won't bite you. Literature finally threw off the symbolical and produced Shakespeare with his direct rendering of life. Whatever we may think of the allegorical, the symbolical, the mystical qualities in literature, it is certain that they are nothing new, and it is doubtful whether they can again do anything which will equal their elaborate exercise in the past.

Form in literature, no less than matter, has its street-cries to attract buyers. Style is lauded as though it were something separable from thought or art. Euphuism and preciosity have their day. Such tags of criticism as "the inevitable phrase," "the *juste mot*," "distinction," "nuance," and a dozen more, all perfectly proper in their proper places, are worked to death, forced into an importance they do not possess. People make a creed out of a claw of Jove's eagle. Some authors go about proclaiming that prose is a finer form of expression than verse. Others are wildly sure that the overloaded and intricate prose of De Quincey or Pater is our final and perfected speech, the large utterance of our future gods. Others are all for the unconventional, for the verse run mad of Blake or Whitman. None of these methods or mannerisms of expression are original — are discoveries of those who preach them. All of them have been tried again and again in the progress of literature.

What are the new ideas that are floating in our air and fated to influence literary creation? One is the idea of the new power of women. We talk as if the woman spirit had been confined, like the genie in the brass bottle, for all past ages, and was



now released, and, towering above man who had delivered it, was threatening to destroy him. The fable of woman's imprisonment in the past will hardly bear examination. In all times she has had greater leisure, and probably a greater average cultivation in the pleasing arts, than man. And a long line of poets, prophets, leaders, from Deborah and Sappho and Hypatia down, star the annals of every race and every age in proportion probably as numerous as to-day. Taking woman's work as a whole, I do not see that it has added any distinct or special quality to literature or art.

Another large and vague idea trying to impose itself on literature is that of democracy. What is democracy? I am inclined to think there is no such thing. I catch myself writing of middle and lower classes,—which is silly in an American, for we are all of the middle or lower classes. Where there is no rank fixed by law or custom there can be no upper class. Such transitory things as wealth or power will not make one. But there may be superiors and inferiors, and our whole social system is based upon superiority and inferiority. Go where you will, you will find people ordering and people obeying—people looked up to and people looked down upon. Every little hamlet, unmarked upon the map, has its king and his circle of courtiers. If democracy merely means the free opportunity to rise or fall, then perhaps we have realized it in America. But this halcyon state is not likely to hold. We have evolved tremendous powers which, unless human nature has changed from of old, will sooner or later try to perpetuate themselves.

Optimism is a habit of mind rather than an idea. I do not know whether Americans have more hope and sunny expectations than other races, but we talk and preach them more. I think this rose-colored outlook, whatever effect it may have on life itself, is detrimental to literature. It banishes tragedy and all great and serious thought. It makes our art of all kinds thin and flat and savorless. How are we going to make bricks without straw?—how produce great effects without great means?—how project rounded figures without shadow? Our optimism and lack of depth are largely due to our material success, and to the fact that we have never known, as a nation, defeat, despair, and crushing grief. In a literary way, it has been taught us by Emerson. The New England prophet is a delightful "friend of the spirit," but the attempt to build either great lives or great books out of his preachments would be like carrying out smoke in a hand-basket.

Is there, then, ever anything new in literature? or do the same old waves rise and recede as the moon guides its retinue around the earth? There is this: the individual spirit and gift of each new writer. In Goethe's "Italian Journey" he describes how he was once taken at night, with a party of artists, to the Vatican, to see the statues by torchlight. He describes the wonderful effects of the flashing torches upon the marble figures—altering,

contorting, making them alive. The great statues of humanity, the circling background of nature, always exist the same. But each one of us has a uniquely burning, differently colored torch, which we flash upon these permanent forms. As we choose, we can concentrate its light upon some noble head with serene brow and solemn eyes; or we can direct it upon the laboring limbs, or animal portions of the figure. We can let one statue stand out, while all the rest are swathed in darkness; or we can move our light rapidly about and set the whole company in confused motion. We can reveal the central group of humanity, or we can illuminate the background of nature.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

### CASUAL COMMENT.

THE "ATLANTIC'S" CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP is almost as startling, not to say disconcerting, as would be a shifting of the sun's place of rising to some other part of the horizon. However, it is not probable that the motions of the heavenly bodies will be affected by the disappearance of the familiar Houghton and Mifflin imprint from the title-page of the magazine so long issued by that firm and by its predecessors; and this can be predicted the more confidently because the place of publication—No. 4 Park Street, Boston—will remain unchanged. While Park Street Church and the "Atlantic" office withstand the ravages of time and progress, all is not lost. The new publishers, as we have already announced, are incorporated under the name of The Atlantic Monthly Company, with Mr. Ellery Sedgwick as president, Mr. Waldo Emerson Forbes as vice-president, and Mr. MacGregor Jenkins as treasurer. There we have at least five good New England names as a sort of guaranty that the "Atlantic" quality is not to suffer detriment. Further to reassure us, we are told that Mr. Bliss Perry will retain the editorship. It is also promised by the publishers that the magazine "will steadily broaden its scope and purposes"—words of doubtful omen, one might fear, with a dread suggestion of "special features," illustrations (perhaps in color!) and who knows what besides! But all such alarm is groundless, no doubt, and "the American Blackwood" will continue its decorous course, we may hope, to the edification and uplifting of generations yet unborn.

CLEVELAND AS A PHRASE-MAKER, as the author of certain terse and unforgettable expressions, will enjoy a fame distinct from, and perhaps as lasting as, his renown as a statesman. "A public office is a public trust" we owe to him. "Innocuous desuetude" has long since passed into popular speech, as also "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory." It was Cleveland who considered "the pension list of the republic a roll of honor," and declared that "party honesty is party expediency." Only four years ago, in his characterization of Judge Parker, then candidate for the presidency, as "safe, sane, and undramatic," he hit on a happy collocation of adjectives that ran so trippingly upon the tongue as to delight his hearers. In the utterance of his opinion on the eligibility of a president for reflection, he spoke severely of the "horde of office-holders, with a zeal born of benefits received and

fostered by the hope of favors yet to come"; and he elsewhere referred to the gratitude of politicians as derived from "a lively expectation of favors to come." Perhaps he had been reading Walpole as quoted by Hazlitt in his "Wit and Humour,"—"The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favors." And doubtless, also, he was familiar with Rochefoucauld's often-repeated maxim, "The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits." But truisms did not suffer in his phrasing. Like Lincoln, he had a faculty of making "home-truths seem more true," and of putting a fundamental truth into apt words that linger in the memory.

THE STARTING OF AN EPOCH-MAKING NEWSPAPER was fitly commemorated a few days ago by the placing of a bronze memorial tablet on the office building that has recently arisen at the northeast corner of Congress and Water Streets, Boston. The tablet is thus inscribed:

On this spot  
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON  
began the publication of  
"The Liberator"  
January 1, 1831.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,  
Tolled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;  
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean,  
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Begun without capital or subscribers, and printed from borrowed or hired type, the venturesome journal was kept going by the night labors of its editor and founder, and of his devoted partner in the desperate enterprise, Isaac Knapp. The tablet, bearing as it does the opening stanza of Lowell's fine poem "To W. L. Garrison," serves well to supplement the earlier memorial on Commonwealth Avenue, which is in the form of a statue of Garrison, its pedestal inscribed with the motto of his paper, "My Country is the World; my Countrymen are all Mankind," and also with his declaration, as printed in the first number: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

MANUSCRIPT REPRODUCTION BY ROTOGRAPH, the technical details of which hardly come within our province, appears to be a not unsatisfactory solution of an old problem,—namely, how to make widely available the manuscript treasures of those European and other libraries and historical museums that are the fortunate possessors of these precious relics. From Western Reserve University word reaches us that the library there has recently acquired a rotograph facsimile of a Worcester Cathedral manuscript, and that the script, standing out boldly in white on a black ground, is in many places, where the original has suffered injury, even more legible, more sharply defined, than the manuscript itself. Rotography is said now to be satisfactorily executed by the Clarendon Press, and the facsimiles thus produced are not thought any more trying to the eyes than are the originals. American students unable to visit European libraries and archives, but desiring access to mediæval manuscripts, are likely to profit greatly by the new process of reproduction, especially since the Modern Language Association has concerted measures for cooperative work among public libraries of this country whereby rotographs of all the most important manuscripts consulted by scholars will in time, it is hoped, be available to American students who are within reach of any of the coöperating libraries.

THE PASSING OF "UNCLE REMUS" brings sadness to his thousands of readers and admirers. Our "American Æsop" was a most lovable character, with none of the biting, sardonic quality of his Greek prototype. His negro dialect stories, rich in folklore but delightfully free from the dreary dryness of much that is published under that name, are full of laughter and sunshine and light-heartedness. The irresponsible, happy-go-lucky son of Africa has been with us, in abundance, for generations; but he waited for a Joel Chandler Harris to catch and reproduce his peculiar charms and graces. There have been many imitators, but the creator of "Uncle Remus" remains *facile princeps*. To the Atlanta "Constitution," or rather to Evan Howell, long its able editor, is due the credit of discerning and encouraging Harris's native genius. It was in the columns of that newspaper that the earlier plantation stories appeared, side by side with editorial matter of a more serious nature which the versatile young journalist could so acceptably produce. And now he is cut off in the flower of his manhood, in his sixtieth year, and with him is silenced not only Uncle Remus, but we fear also "Uncle Remus's Magazine."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF READING has been discussed of late, chiefly apropos of a learned work setting forth the results of extended investigation in this department of intellectual activity. Rapid readers, it is now alleged, are likely to be also quick at figures, and *vice versa*,—which is not surprising. A literary worker, having need of a reader to digest a vast amount of printed matter for him, chose, after examining a number of candidates, the one who was readiest at solving arithmetical problems. One queries whether that quick-witted person, with all his capacity for rapid assimilation of others' writings, had any literary talent of his own. How many great authors there have been who were self-confessedly deficient in mathematical ability, some of them being apparently floored by the simplest problem in pounds, shillings, and pence, especially where their own exchequer was concerned. The lover of good literature who professes to have gone through fourteen volumes of Parkman in one year, by reading him but ten minutes a day, is either an unusually rapid reader or an inaccurate counter of minutes; for the time spent on each volume, at ten minutes a day, figures itself out to be four hours and twenty minutes, and the necessity of fixing the attention and getting up speed for only so short a period at a time greatly increases the difficulty of the alleged achievement. But this reader may have extraordinary powers of mental concentration. Parkman's works, fascinating as they are, do not exactly fall within the class of light reading.

BOOK-BACKS AS EDUCATORS are not held in high esteem by Librarian Wilcox of the Peoria Public Library. In a paper read at Minnetonka at the recent gathering of the American Library Association he declares himself strongly opposed to allowing the public to roam at large through the library stack-room, gazing, for the most part in idle curiosity, at the backs of books, or handling the volumes so ungently as to arouse apprehensions lest before long the whole library will be "thumbed out of existence," as Mr. John Thomson of Philadelphia has expressed it. Figures showing the ruinous expense from theft incurred by various large open-shelf libraries are quoted by Mr. Wilcox; and his own Peoria system of restricted access, but unlimited

aid and advice from intelligent and nimble assistants, is attractively presented. It is probable that this vexed question of how far the public should be trusted by the custodians of books will be discussed as long as librarians continue to convene and to read papers; and it is also not improbable that the discussions will take their tone largely from the age and temperament of the participants, those saddened and made wiser by years of experience being generally opposed to the removal of locks and bars, and the young and sanguine and youthfully optimistic lifting their voices in favor of a more magnanimous and generous and unsuspicious policy. Mr. Willcox, with all his energy and progressiveness, is, in point of years, one of our older librarians.

A WARNING TO VIOLATORS OF LIBRARY RULES may be read in the issue of the late Harvard-Yale boat-race. The very powers above that rule over the destinies of nations and the fortunes of inter-collegiate sports have declared themselves on the side of the vigilant librarian and the inexorably-just president of Harvard, one of whom caught two members of the crew in the act of removing from the library precincts, without due permission, a book that they desired to peruse in privacy, while the other official punished this infraction of the rules by suspending the offenders and (as a consequence of the suspension) incapacitating them for taking part in the great aquatic contest of the season. Protests and prayers, beating of breasts and shedding of tears, with dire forebodings of ignominious defeat at New London, followed upon this punitive edict, and a green and yellow melancholy settled over Cambridge—and over the White House at Washington. But lo! when the fateful day arrived, the boat thus deprived at the last moment of its stoutest oarsmen, but purged of its sin of book-misappropriation, swept proudly to the goal far in the lead of its rival. How pleased must then have been that librarian and that president, who could not love their college so much loved they not honor more!

BOOKS BY MULTIMILLIONAIRES are not yet so numerous that the appearance of a new one can pass unnoticed. Mr. John D. Rockefeller's forthcoming autobiography is sure to be read for many reasons that will in no way relate to its literary excellence. It is announced that the October number of "The World's Work" will contain the first instalment of this life of the greatest of money-makers; and the appearance in book form of the completed work, after it has run its course in the magazine, is a foregone conclusion. A query that may suggest itself to some is this: What honorarium that will not look too insignificant for acceptance will the magazine publishers offer to this man of uncounted millions? That he will receive a check for some amount is to be assumed, little though he needs it. Why would it not be a good plan for him and his millionaire associates in authorship—Messrs. Carnegie, Lawson, and William Waldorf Astor—to devote the earnings of their pens to the establishment of a fund for the relief or encouragement of impecunious writers?

REVISION OF COPYRIGHT LAWS is asked for by the International Congress of Publishers lately in session at Madrid. A resolution was adopted that the conference to be held next October in Berlin to revise the Berne Convention should be asked to consider the following proposed reforms: (1) The abolition of all formalities for the guarantee of literary, artistic, and

musical copyright. (2) The full and complete assimilation of the right of translation to the right of reproduction. (3) The unification of the duration of authors' rights, which is to be fixed at fifty years from the death of the author. (4) The full and complete protection of authors and composers against the reproduction of their works by means of mechanical instruments of all kinds. The delegates from Germany favored, in the third clause, a period of thirty instead of fifty years. But why thirty, or fifty, or any other fixed number of years? Shall the products of the intellect, the things that are unseen and eternal, be treated with less respect, safeguarded less jealously, than the things that are seen and temporal?

A SUMMER ABODE OF GENIUS is that known as "The Cornish Colony" of authors and artists, which has gradually, almost stealthily, come into being on the rock-ribbed hills of New Hampshire, just across the Connecticut River from Windsor, Vermont, and in the sunset shadow of Mt. Ascutney. Here are gathered a notable group of cultured men and women, including in their roster such names as Percy Mackaye, Louis Shipman, Langdon Mitchell, Maxfield and Stephen Parrish, W. W. Hyde, H. O. Walker, Kenyon and Louisa Cox, Augustus St. Gaudens (now living only in his works), Herbert Adams, Ann Lazarus, Winston Churchill, Norman Hapgood, and Peter F. Dunne. Though the colonists are far from wishing to be "written up," and shun interviews (of the journalistic kind) as they would the pest, they cannot object to our thinking of them in their quiet retreat from the noisy world.

AN AID IN BOOK-SELECTION might be rendered by fitting up in every public library (that could afford it) a sort of model or standard library of the best literature, properly safeguarded by vigilant attendants and duplicated in the book-stack for purposes of loan. The Providence Public Library, under its able head, Mr. William E. Foster, appears from its current annual report to maintain some such department as we have in mind. Miss Marguerite Reid reports concerning this "Standard Library" that "the recorded attendance has been 4,921"—not so large as might have been wished—and that there has been "an increasing number of instances in which a reader who has become interested in some book in this collection does not leave the building until he has had a copy of it (frequently some volume by Dickens or Thackeray) charged to him for home use." There are other libraries that have this useful and educative department besides the Providence institution.

THE DEATH OF AN ACCOMPLISHED JOURNALIST is recorded in the recent decease of Murat Halstead, whose name associates itself in most minds with the Cincinnati "Commercial." His first newspaper work was for a literary weekly, and the product of his fertile pen was throughout of more than usual literary merit. Joining the staff of the "Commercial" at the age of twenty-four, he became twelve years later its controlling influence. The Brooklyn "Standard-Union" came subsequently under his editorship, and he has also published many books, biographical and politico-historical. His style was clear and fluent, and he was widely informed on matters of current interest. With the late Samuel Bowles and the still-living Colonel Henry Watterson, Murat Halstead attained distinction in the early seventies by standing sturdily for independent journalism.



### The New Books.

#### WILLIAM BLAKE—POET, ARTIST, AND MAN.\*

In his day, William Blake had a few ardent admirers; by the middle of the nineteenth century he was to the world at large little more than a vaguely remembered name. William Allingham recorded in his diary, in August, 1849: "British Museum Library. Mr. Patmore. He helps me look up Blake, but without success; they seem to have nothing of his." Ten years earlier, Dr. James Garth Wilkinson had republished "Songs of Innocence and Experience." With the exception of his early "Poetical Sketches," this was the only one of Blake's books that had then been printed from type. The others had been struck off from the plates engraved by him, and had always been scarce. Occasionally at this period copies of them found their way into the second-hand bookshops; and Mr. Evans, a printseller in Great Queen Street, acquired a large collection of Blake's drawings, which Allingham and Rossetti went to see in the summer of 1857.

Rescued from this semi-oblivion by the publication of Gilchrist's biography in 1863, followed five years later by Swinburne's appreciative work, Blake has become the subject of a cult which has steadily grown and has yielded an abundant crop of critical essays, new editions of his poems, and interpretations of his "Prophetic Books." With bland assurance born of towering egotism, Blake always claimed to be a genius. That the world now accepts him at his own estimate is shown, we are told, by the high prices his drawings, engravings, and the books of poetry illuminated by his hand, or that of his wife, now fetch in the market.

Such, at least, is the statement made by Mr. Edwin J. Ellis in "The Real Blake." This book, styled by its author "a portrait biography," and intended as a tribute to the memory of Blake and an explanation of the meanings hidden in his poems, is an extraordinary performance. From one end to the other it is crammed with facts, real or alleged, animadversions upon other writers and other editors of Blake's poems, comments, quotations, and theories, all piled together in bewildering confusion. Perusal of its pages is like groping one's way through a

dense forest thickly crowded with underbrush. Plainly, the author has fallen a victim to his own enthusiasm. No one else, he thinks, knows Blake's writings as he does, or understands him so well, or has so fully penetrated all the subtleties of his philosophy. Neither Mr. Swinburne nor Dr. Garnett nor Mr. Gilchrist may be trusted; and as for Mr. Sampson, why, in his edition of "Blake's Poetical Works" he "gave his whole attention to verbal accuracy," and the volume, in the opinion of Mr. Ellis, is "empty of interpretation or intelligent poetic study."

If Mr. Ellis had himself paid more attention to verbal accuracy in printing excerpts from Blake's writings, the value of his book would have been considerably enhanced. Instead, the text of the "Descriptive Catalogue" is given with Gilchrist's emendations; the "Public Address" and the descriptions of the picture of "The Last Judgment" follow the Quaritch edition, and repeat its errors; and the marginal notes to Swedenborg, Lavater, and Reynolds (nowhere else given so fully) are also marred by misprints. As for interpretation, it can hardly be said that Mr. Ellis has done much to penetrate the obscurity of Blake's mystic utterances. Of speculation there is a superabundance, and it is put forth with an air of certainty that waves aside all differences of opinion as not well grounded. To round out the picture of "the real Blake" as conceived by Mr. Ellis, there is even the recital of minute details of Blake's life which could only have been discovered through the exercise of "second sight" more wonderful than Blake's prophetic vision.

So deeply has Mr. Ellis dived (in imagination) into Blake's mental processes, that he makes him incapable of revising his own work. "There were two Blakes," he tells us, "and they could not edit one another." Yet this very statement is prefaced by an elaborate exposition of the lines from "Vala":

"Saying, O that I had never drunk the wine nor eat the bread  
Of dark mortality, nor cast my eyes into futurity, nor turned  
My back, darkening the present, clouding with a cloud."

The second line, originally written

"Of dark mortality, nor cast my eyes into the west, nor turned,"

was changed by Blake to

"Of dark mortality, nor cast my eyes into the futurity, nor turned,"

as Mr. Ellis points out; whereupon he goes on to say "it should obviously read"

"Of dark mortality, cast eyes into futurity,"

and the next line should be changed to

"Nor turned my back dark'ning the present, clouding with a cloud,"

\*THE REAL BLAKE: A Portrait Biography. By Edwin J. Ellis. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By Arthur Symonds. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE ART OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By Elisabeth Luther Cary. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

and he laments that these lines were not so printed in the Quaritch edition of Blake's poetical works which he edited in collaboration with Mr. W. B. Yeats. Evidently "the real Blake" is visible only through the fog of an Ellis modification! The presentation would have more reality were not Blake's work as an artist virtually ignored. In spite of its shortcomings, however, Mr. Ellis's book has distinct value for those who care to make an exhaustive study of Blake's poems; but to separate the wheat from the chaff calls for the expenditure of much time and patience.

From this involved and laborious effort, it is a pleasure to turn to Mr. Arthur Symons's compact, lucid, and orderly volume. Here we get at least a comprehensive view of Blake as poet, artist, and man, and something like intelligent appreciation and criticism. The task Mr. Symons set himself, of giving his "own narrative, containing, as briefly as possible, every fact of importance of what I took to be Blake's achievements and intentions," has been excellently performed, and has been supplemented by the reprint of every personal account of Blake printed during his lifetime, and, what is of real value, the complete text of every reference to Blake in Crabb Robinson's Diary.

Working in true scholarly spirit, Mr. Symons has not been content to take his facts at second-hand; and after considerable research, and examination of parish registers and other sources of information, the theory put forth by Dr. Carter Blake, and accepted by Messrs. Ellis and Yeats, that Blake's grandfather was an Irishman named John O'Neil, who changed his name on marrying Ellen Blake, is dismissed as unsupported by a particle of documentary evidence. With dry details of this sort, however, Mr. Symons is not overmuch concerned. They cannot be ignored, nor yet taken for granted; but they occupy little space in his book.

Except in one respect, and that a most important one, Mr. Symons's analysis of Blake's character and of his art leaves nothing to be desired. The finer shades are set forth with sympathy and understanding, which is perhaps the more subtly penetrating because of the flaw in his own philosophy that prevents him from reaching conclusions that are quite irrefragable. Overcome by the potency of Blake's thought, deeply impressed by his mental vigor, his absolute freedom from the trammels of conventional ideas of any sort, and his overwhelming imagination, Mr. Symons is led to place an exaggerated estimate upon the value of Blake's work con-

sidered as art. "It is," he asserts, "by his energy and nobility of creation that Blake takes rank among great artists." But in art it is not what is done, but how it is done, that makes the difference; and measured by that infallible test, Blake's art falls somewhat short of greatness.

Disturbed by some glimmering of this truth, Mr. Symons endeavors to get around it by a clever bit of special pleading:

"There can hardly be a poet who is not conscious of how little his own highest powers are under his own control. The creation of beauty is the end of art, but the artist should rarely admit to himself that such is his purpose. A poem is not written by the man who says: I will sit down and write a poem; but rather by the man who, captured by rather than capturing an impulse, hears a tune which he does not recognize, or sees a sight which he does not remember, in some 'close corner of his brain,' and exerts the only energy at his disposal in recording it faithfully, in the medium of his particular art. And so in every creation of beauty, some obscure desire stirred in the soul, not realized by the mind for what it was, and, aiming at most other things in the world than pure beauty, produced it. Now, to the critic this is not more important to remember than it is for him to remember that the result, the end, must be judged, not by the impulse which brought it into being, nor by the purpose which it sought to serve, but by its success or failure in one thing: the creation of beauty."

Unfortunately, Mr. Symons does not always remember. He sees clearly that what Blake gives us in his pictures "is not a picture after a mental idea; it is the literal delineation of an imaginative vision," and that what is unsatisfying in them is attributable to "his dependence on a technique not as flexible as his imagination." What he does not perceive is that such beauty as may be found in Blake's designs is almost solely beauty of idea; that they fail lamentably in the fundamental qualities of composition of line and mass which inevitably characterize all graphic art that may properly be labelled "great." But to the consideration of Blake as a poet he brings an unclouded vision, and it would be difficult indeed to express the truth more admirably than in such words as these:

"Just as, in the designs which his hand drew as best it could, according to his limited and partly false knowledge, from the visions which his imagination saw with perfect clearness, he was often unable to translate that vision into its real equivalent in design, so in his attempts to put these other mental visions into words he was hampered by an equally false method, and often by reminiscences of what passed for 'picturesque' writing in the work of his contemporaries. He was, after all, of his time, though he was above it, and just as he only knew Michelangelo through bad reproductions, and could never get his own design wholly free, malleable, and virgin to his 'shaping spirit of imagination,' so, in spite of all his marvellous lyrical discoveries, made when his mind was less burdened by the weight of a controlling

message, he found himself, when he attempted to make an intelligible system out of the 'improvisations of the spirit,' and to express that system with literal accuracy, the half-helpless captive of formal words, conventional rhythms, a language not drawn direct from its source. Thus we find, in the Prophetic Books, neither achieved poems nor an achieved philosophy."

No other writer has, on the whole, given a better picture of this strange genius, often childish, and yet so advanced in his ideas that his contemporaries thought him mad. In an interesting comparison between Blake and Nietzsche, the salient fact is brought out that it is not so much as an artist, nor as a poet, but as a thinker, that Blake was truly great. Altogether Mr. Symons has given us a book that we could not well spare, even though we may not be able to accept all his contentions.

Miss Cary's "The Art of William Blake" is chiefly valuable for the reproductions it contains of more than fifty of his designs, a number of which, from his manuscript sketch-book, are now published for the first time. The essay by which these are prefaced is a bit of unrestrained eulogy. The claim made for Blake that "No one has more clearly understood the relation between a decorative design and the space it has to fill" is so preposterous as to destroy confidence in the author's dicta about other phases of his art. Miss Cary's book about Mr. Whistler's art was so sane that it is surprising to find her departing from the firm ground upon which she stood in writing that work and falling into the error of judging art by the content rather than the form. Were "the flaming inner soul of invention" the one vital thing in art, then Blake's crude drawings would deserve the most lavish encomiums. But their appeal is to the intellect, leaving the æsthetic sense unmoved; and thus they furnish an object-lesson for which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

#### TWO MODERN MORALITY PLAYS.\*

The summer is perhaps not the time when one demands of the theatres the highest efforts of dramatic genius: the steps of those who still cleave to the attractions of the town are apt to turn to roof-gardens and wonderlands. "One whole evening was passed in the rural pleasures of Coney Island," says a contemporary letter-writer. "I had intended to see 'The Servant

in the House,' but vulgarity triumphed over piety." Many will appreciate, perhaps sympathize with, the action, though few may refer it to the same source. But though people do not go much to the theatre in the summer, they are not averse to talking about the plays they have seen during the season. I have, therefore, little hesitation in taking an opportunity that offered itself some time ago, of writing something about two plays that are now subject for literary criticism, if only by virtue of having appeared in paper and print.

One of these is "The Servant in the House," mentioned by the letter-writer just quoted. This play has been widely and favorably advertised by the best kind of advertising — namely, the admiring word of those who have seen it; so that many who have had no chance to see it will have an interest in reading it. Whether they will conceive of it (with our friend above quoted) as a pious performance, I cannot guess; I rather think that the implication of piety is apt to distract the mind from other matters of more dramatic import. "Ben Hur," for instance, "The Christian," and whatever may have been the next to the last play which inspired delighted clergymen to prophesy concerning the service of the stage to religion, these have not made great contributions to the literature of our tongue, however much they may have added to our piety.

"The Servant in the House" has one thing that a great play should have — namely, a noble aim, that of presenting in a form that will impress the heart and mind of our generation the spirit of Jesus Christ as it may appear in modern life. This is a thing that some people disapprove of and call hard names; but I see no necessity for feeling in any such way. It is an aim that has appeared several times in recent art with very interesting results; the pictures of Fritz von Uhde, for instance, which seem to me very touching and beautiful, as well as those of various Frenchmen whose names I do not remember. The writers of fiction, however, whether in the novel or the drama, have not often dealt with the subject, at least not in the same way. There have been examples on the modern stage, however, and one of them has just appeared — a translation of Hauptmann's play, "Hannele's Himmelfahrt."

This play of Hauptmann's I used to think his masterpiece. Not having read his work for some years, I am not sure but that he may not of late have written something better: he is an erratic genius, and often produces fine things

\* HANNELE. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. Translated by C. H. Meltzer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers.



almost, it would seem, by accident. But whether the best of his plays or not, "Hannele" is a very beautiful piece, and Mr. Meltzer has done well to translate it. The version was made fourteen years ago, when "Hannele" was given (for a few nights, I believe, perhaps only one) in New York, in the presence of its author. I have not heard of its being given in English since, although the acting rights in America belong to Mr. Fiske. Aside from such matters, however, it is well to have a translation of the play: in the original there is more or less dialect, as often in Hauptmann, and some other difficulties, and many will get a good idea of the play who would either find it hard in German or else might miss something. Mr. Meltzer's work in this case, as well as in "The Sunken Bell," is good. One misses the poet's touch here and there, but that is inevitable except in translations of the highest order.

"Hannele" is to be mentioned at the same time with "The Servant in the House," only because each play presents the spirit of Christ in modern life, in the person of Christ himself. In "Hannele" he appears in a vision, although as the play is developed vision and reality so blend into each other that one hardly distinguishes between them. In "The Servant in the House" he appears as a real person. The motive is worked out in two very different ways, yet each gives a chance to contrast the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world, and each gives a chance to see the effect that Jesus himself might have on the light of the world, were he once more to take human form.

The great danger, I believe, in all such attempts is that one will substitute conventional sentiment for reality of emotion. This danger is one that we may suppose Hauptmann had clearly in mind; for he was in his earlier days most noteworthy as a realist. The means by which he avoids the difficulty in "Hannele" is by presenting the actual facts with absolute realism. The almshouse and the paupers, the poor sick child and her low father, the schoolmaster and the deaconess, — these are actual persons, no different from anyone else. The appearance of Jesus, of the angels, of the mother, though it mingles entirely with the reality, yet preserves its own sincerity by having its rise in the fevered fancies of the dying child. This is a most ingenious means, for as one reads the play one accepts readily conventional sentiment, even childish fancy, knowing that such are the forms in which the spirit of Christ often manifests itself to-day. Mr. Kennedy deals with the

problem in a different way: he appears to present Jesus as having taken the form of a servant and mingling as a man with the actual life of a family at a very critical time. This is a much more difficult matter than that of Hauptmann: in "Hannele" we need never rise beyond man's idealizations of Christ; in "The Servant in the House" the author should present to us Christ himself.

That the greater master should accomplish better an easier task, goes without saying. "Hannele" has already been given by good judges a very high place in the modern drama. I believe that a great number who have seen "The Servant in the House" will judge that Mr. Kennedy has succeeded equally well; there can be but little doubt that as the play appears on the stage the impression is strong, powerful, very much what the author desired. As one reads the play, however, such is by no means the case: it will possibly be no concern to the author that this should be so; he wrote for the stage and he has succeeded on the stage. Still he has also printed his play, and we may therefore consider it as it comes to us. My own view of it may be summarized in a very few words, namely, that though intention and idea and means are alike fine and well conceived, the worked-out result is conventional, sentimental, and unreal. That is to say, we have hardly an approximation to what Jesus Christ would be were he a servant in a modern family, and we have no real presentation of the spirit of Christ in modern life.

An English vicar and his wife expect a new butler recommended by a friend in India. When he appears he brings a new and potent element into the life of the vicarage. He detects the page in stealing jam; he vivifies the imagination and thoughts of a little girl; he condemns a simoniac prince of the church; he arouses to a feeling for the higher socialism a low and wretched laboring man; he restores to his better self the vicar who has long been living a life he knew was not right; he even inspires a worldly religious woman. Why is not all of this well? Some of it certainly is. Manson's dealing with the page-boy and the little girl is excellent; even with the wealthy bishop he is good. But I cannot see why in arranging the play it was necessary to have all the melodrama of a brother who had wronged a brother, a worldly woman using religion for her own purposes, a church built over a charnel-house, a socialist drain-cleaner who should arouse the unfaithful vicar to a hectic self-sacrifice. I cannot believe

that Jesus would manifest himself most characteristically in any such surrounding. In fact, such a surrounding is most unreal and conventional: the high-pitched actions of such people are merely sentimental fancies. When the vicar resolves to put away the superficial religion that has made him celebrate the Holy Communion in an empty church every morning, and join the drain-man in clearing out an old charnel-house under the church in spite of the curious danger of typhoid that lurks there, when that happens in the book (however it be on the stage) one is not moved except to vexation at one's disappointment. Jesus did not manifest himself, so far as we know, in any such piece of melodrama. His acts were impressive, but not spectacular. He made his striking impressions (if we omit cases of disease and possession) on rather ordinary occasions — on a woman at a well, on a woman who had been tried for adultery, on a man who wished to talk over theological matters with him, or on a man who felt his own crooked dealing condemned by Jesus's integrity. And these people he impressed, not by righting family wrongs or by unveiling official corruptions, but by contrasting the selfish personalities in them with the wonderful spirituality that was in him. Of course Jesus wished the world to be good rather than bad, but his mission did not consist merely in telling people to be good: it consisted chiefly in showing how to be good, and making it possible. Doubtless Jesus to-day would rebuke the simonist as harshly as he did the pharisee; he would condemn a hard-hearted brother or sister now as sternly as he did in his days on earth. But the true spirit of Christ does not manifest itself most characteristically in these ways.

The whole thing in a nutshell lies, perhaps, in the fact that Manson is not really a servant in the house, but a bishop. In fact, the play is, or might be, a bit of a masquerade: the Bishop of Benares disguises himself as an Indian butler, and straightens out the crookednesses of an English family. There is no reason for personifying Christ: any bishop as clever as the Bishop of Benares could certainly have done about as well. Nor is Manson a personification of Christ, for he has no more resemblance to him than many good men in the world, and not nearly so much as some.

All this will not lead one to think that Mr. Kennedy's play is without interest. It is a fine failure, as many other things worth reading have been. There is much ingenious and striking use of the dramatic means chosen — as in the

excellent dramatic irony, for instance; in fact, there is quite enough to render the reading of the play interesting and amusing. The little girl, the rich bishop, are good figures. The whole play is impressive on the stage; at least, so everybody says. One may perhaps be satisfied with that: certainly many plays are not even so much. Still, when a man really aims high, one is naturally anxious that he shall hit the mark. Very fine things are rare enough in the art of our day; perhaps Mr. Kennedy will accomplish one when he writes another play.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

#### THE VERSATILITY OF PSYCHOLOGY.\*

The chance that assembles upon the reviewer's table a trio of volumes with such distinctive titles as "The Animal Mind," "Mind in the Making," and "On the Witness Stand" may profitably serve to point the moral and adorn the tale of the modern psychology of the laboratory. Professor Münsterberg, the writer of the last-mentioned book, finds it pertinent to inform the public in regard to the very significant strides which Psychology — at once the oldest and the youngest of the sciences — has taken under the incentive of the modern spirit. "There are about fifty psychological laboratories in the United States alone. The average educated man has hitherto not noticed this. If he chances to hear of such places, he fancies that they serve for mental healing, or telepathic mysteries, or spiritistic performances." It is indeed important that the public should maintain an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of what psychologists are and do and purpose. The popular misconception of the trend as of the inspiration of such endeavors, that associates it with mystery and an aggressive attack upon the supernatural, is nothing short of a calamity; and it is so not mainly because it imposes upon the psychologist the discipline of suffering fools gladly, but because it deprives him of a ready and comprehensive communion with his professional colleagues and the wider colleagueship of earnest and sturdy students. It will no longer do for psychology to plead its infancy and hide behind a pinafore. George Eliot has with psychological mastery portrayed the dangers of a

\*ON THE WITNESS STAND. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: The McClure Co.

THE ANIMAL MIND. A Text-book of Comparative Psychology. By Margaret F. Washburn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MIND IN THE MAKING. A Study in Mental Development. By Edgar James Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

career that earns the epithet of "so young." No more effective method of coming to its own can be prescribed for psychology than on the one hand to assume fearlessly the reconstruction of the domain that it rightly commands, and again to assert its practical bearing upon the issues that engage thoughtful men. It is not only strange, as Professor Münsterberg remarks, it is equally unfortunate, "that this whole wonderful development should have gone on in complete detachment from the problems of practical life."

The task of the theorist and the practitioner must be re-stated, to meet the needs of each progressive generation. The comment is an old one, that Providence did not first fashion man as he was and then leave it to Aristotle to make him logical. Mankind has ever held and will ever hold all sorts and conditions of opinions in regard to the ways of mind; and the psychologist's instructions must be content to shape the susceptible habits of the cultivated, and that too in modest measure. It truly has not been left for the psychologist to make man psychological. He is so because the whole realm of the mind touches deeply his natural interests. It is the privilege and the duty of psychology to guide these interests wisely, to free them of superstitions and misleading accretions, to inform them with the sterling issues of sound evidence, to enlighten practice with a reverent hesitation and yet not enfeeble it with the pale cast of helpless erudition.

The attitude of man toward the mental qualities of the animal world offers a suggestive criterion of his status as a psychologist when thrown upon his impulses and chastened by the logic of experience. It was a natural apperception of the animal mind to make it the vehicle of the moral fable. The primitive man feels his kinship with the other denizens of creation, and envies each for a distinctive quality. We still use animal epithets as the most effective appraisals and disparagements of strength and frailty alike. The difficulty arises when the scientific conscience is born, and fact and fable must be held wide apart. It makes all sorts of trouble when the modern *Æsop* sends his narrative to the Society for Comparative Psychology, and the crime of nature-faking is recognized in the revised decalogue. The constant and irresistible temptation remains to read into animal behavior the motives and mental equipment that accompany our own actions. To give a critically objective account of what a favorite domestic pet really did is an exercise not to be

lightly prescribed; and the psychologist has slowly but determinedly learned to look aside from the "anecdote" of animal sagacity for his data. The laboratory dominates the spirit of inquiry, and after a score of years of patient research founded upon discerning and expert analyses makes possible such a survey as Miss Washburn of Vassar College presents in her volume on "The Animal Mind." It is indeed the first compilation dominated by this perspective, and renders accessible to student as well as to the studious layman the kind of data, the critical interpretation of results, and the source of the guiding principles, that in the modern view are likely to bring some systematic understanding of animal psychology.

Mental life implies some form of responsiveness to the forces resident in the environment, which in turn is evidenced by a change of behavior; while, concomitantly, we know that there goes on in ourselves some reflective process and we assume a more or less distant analogical counterpart thereof in the lowlier organisms according to their nearness of kin. The technique necessary to establish the varieties of sensory experience from amoeba to chimpanzee is quite impressive, the interpretations in even the lowly creatures quite perplexing. The complex behavior of wasps invites the most individualistic interpretation; and yet, while any old-fashioned reference to instinct is ruled out of court, the psychologist retains the conviction of an underlying consistency of stages of behavior, if only the clue thereto could be discovered. The proper mode of facilitating this discovery is to subject normal animals to definite situations and see what they do, and how they fail, and what is presumably implied in their actions. Yet Nature is not to be ignored, and the reactions must at once proceed upon the basis of a real desire, and involve in their solution activities of a kind provided by the animal equipment. Susceptibility to training is not the sole criterion of intelligence. The naturalist still puts forth the startling diversities of behavior that come from observation, and freshly challenges the experimentalist to offer an interpretation. The whole situation is an admirable example of the value of logic; and in this arena, and with such weapons, must the conflict be waged. It is a notable triumph of the experimental psychologist to have carried the issue to these terms and to have made his own a territory imperfectly occupied by the naturalist. In the course of this procedure he has clarified the significance of mental functions



when reduced to their lowest terms, — a result that generations of less definitely guided research would have sought for in vain.

Such, really, is mind in the making. Yet each has an individual mind to shape to adult efficiency; and once more psychology steps in with another type of equipment to lure unwilling data from their hidden source. The psychology of the human animal in its maturing stages is a sore temptation to the easy-going theorist; he often exhibits a remarkable digestion for half-baked hypotheses that would stagger a devotee of sterner sciences more accustomed to the regulated diet of a reflective, even a ruminating, constitution. Experimental pedagogues have somewhat mistaken the character of the advice to prove all things. In no realm is the experimental path more thickly set with snares for the unwary; out of the mouths of ambitious doctors' theses has emerged wisdom that deduces the curriculum, banishes superstition, squares the circle of our perplexities, and proclaims formulae for the salvation of the future. In spite of exaggeration and misunderstanding, pedagogical practice has a vital connection with the psychology of the laboratory; and Professor Swift's book on "Mind in the Making" may be cited as an example of rationally interpreted experience through which such lessons achieve a worthy status. The psychology of learning is a procedure to be illuminated by varieties of tests and is in turn a common factor of the animal and the human mind. The close dependence of mental deficiencies upon nervous impairment is again to be determined in the spirit of the clinician. The wayward instincts of boys — in their exaggeration the beginnings of crime — are to be interpreted in the light of evolutionary status. The nature of ability, as concretely tested in this or that type of acquisition, illuminates the central issue of general versus special talent. And so, one by one, the more concrete and the more comprehensive questions of the applying psychologist are reviewed in this collection of essays; and each brings a tangible addition to the insight that can assimilate data while it yet directs their accumulation and dominates their interpretation. By some such slow and measured accretion will psychology infuse into pedagogical inquiry the caution and the spirit of its own advances.

But the schoolroom is not life. Has psychology anything to say to the active practitioner? No severer test of the issues could be set than to bring them to court. This Professor Mün-

sterberg does in his volume entitled "On the Witness Stand"; and he does it with a boldness that invites admiration not unmixed with concern. We are all seekers of truth, and the measure of success of our search is ever pronounced upon by judges, — the criticism of our peers, the approval of the many. The bench and the collective acumen of twelve jurymen stand as the machinery for bringing to light the legal truth. Here enters the psychology of deception: what if the witness lies, and the defendant denies his guilt! Upon this issue of credibility, psychology has an authoritative voice; and how little or how much one may sympathise with Professor Münsterberg's methods and conclusions, one may unhesitatingly approve his emphasis of attention to the problem as a psychological one. If once we look at the matter apart from tradition, there is really nothing fore-ordained or inspired in the accidental assemblage of twelve citizens that gives to their verdict any unusual status, especially upon this ever-recurring issue of credibility.

The pertinent data begin with the establishment of the treacherous character of memory and the liability to malobservation under the most sincere desire to judge rightly. These are distinct issues presenting conditions of laboratory study. The great variability of testimony, when the objective circumstances are carefully noted by one specifically detailed for such purpose, is indeed striking. Experimental criminology has gone so far as to precipitate into an academic scene a sudden brawl, with the flash of a pistol, and the consequent command of the professor that all shall prepare for use at the trial a careful statement of what had occurred. At the next session of the seminary it is revealed that the whole situation was prearranged, that such are the facts, and lo! the deviating reports. So much for the unintentional swerving from truth. Next comes the psychology of prejudice, of expectation, of desire, of interest. These are not neglected in the popular appraisal of testimony; and upon these issues definite experiment if judiciously conducted has an illuminating value. But the psychology of deception forms the keystone of many a legal arch. The tell-tale of the emotions; the hesitations of a conscience; the entanglements of fabrication, — will these reveal their secret? Assuredly not always; though credibility is constantly judged in terms of just these revelations. It is at this stage that Professor Münsterberg offers a distinct test that shall circumvent the deceit of the witness and reveal guilt. Instead of an ordeal of mediæval

stupidity or brutality, a refined and insinuating method is introduced by which the defendant goes through a series of associations to set words, the time needed to call up the first suitable response being noted. Most of the words are innocent; but here and there are introduced words that have a bearing upon the crime. The result shows delays, irregularities, hesitations at these points. This is but one type of psychological record; but it may stand as a fair sample. What importance shall the court lay upon such findings?

While approving the pertinence of raising this issue, psychologists and jurists alike will exhibit considerable hesitation in attaching to the method the high practical availability that is here supported. Indeed, some will openly say that this is a crude application of a hasty generalization, itself open to error and influenced by accidental vagaries; that it smacks of the astrologer, the phrenologist, and the palmist, all of whom had ready formulæ for reading character and discovering human faculty. It is to be regretted that the mode of stating the case gives more plausibility to these protests than they intrinsically merit. But while it cannot be said that psychology is altogether ready to solve the problems concerned as they concretely arise, and that it is very desirable to avoid sensationalism and the too confident heralding of panaceas, yet above all the message of Professor Münsterberg's book is that psychology really has and should have something to say on these topics; and that message, however much we may object to the words in which it is couched, is worthy of consideration.

A specific question remains: whether psychology does not furnish a means of so altering the mental status as to induce a condition in which deceit and perjury are impossible. Why not hypnotise the suspect to get the whole truth and nothing but the truth? And once more, may not the crime have been committed while the defendant was in condition of hypnotic irresponsibility? And again, assume that a confession has been secured: is it beyond question that the confession is genuine, not induced through suggestion? These are all very real and very perplexing situations to which a categorical *yes* or *no* cannot be hastily rendered. Professor Münsterberg discusses them with much insight; and they, along with the other situations, indicate that sooner or later the proceedings of court must take into account some of the knowledge that is emerging from the psychological laboratory.

The versatility of psychology is equally its danger. Sciences should present determinable though not invariable contours, — should have loyalties of allegiance and constitutions under which their policies and measures are formulated. The science of the mind participates in the descriptive insight that makes the good observer, and finds its material in the wide, wide world. It must also be normative, for lives must be regulated; and the perplexities of motives, impulses, and ideals that go to the regulation of our far from simple life will furnish incentive for the further pursuit of this comprehensive discipline, allied by traditions with the oldest of the humanities, by precept and example with the historical unfoldment of civilization, by its modern reconstruction with the logic of science and the ingenuity of experimental device.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

#### THE STUARTS IN EXILE.\*

Of all the unfortunate dynasties of modern times, none has suffered adversity in greater measure than the family of the Stuarts. From the terrible rout at Solway Moss, in 1542, to the merciless slaughter at Culloden Moor in 1746, its history is a record of almost continuous disaster: the lonely death of broken-hearted James V.; the long journey to the scaffold of his daughter, Mary Stuart; the ignominious death of her grandson Charles I. and the exile of his wife and children; the second exile of James II.; the long pathetic "reign" of the landless James III.; the wasted life of the "Young Pretender"; and the final extinction of the male line with the death of the Cardinal of York, — these events, with their attendant circumstances, form a series of tragedies that probably have no parallel in history.

No doubt it is this tragic element in the career of the Stuart dynasty that appeals so powerfully to a certain class of historical students; perhaps, also, the fact that the hostility which always rose where a Stuart ruled has continued after them. Historians have not always dealt fairly with these kings: Macaulay's treatment may serve as an illustration. But whatever the reason, interest in Stuart history still continues and shows no sign of abatement. Among the new books in this field are two notable studies in the closing act of the Stuart drama — the

\* JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD, *The Old Chevalier*. By Martin Halle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
THE KING OVER THE WATER. By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

exile of James II. and his family, and the vain efforts of the "Pretenders" to regain the British crowns. A few years ago Mr. Martin Haile developed a natural interest in "The Old Chevalier" while preparing a biography of Queen Mary of Modena, the Chevalier's mother. Mr. Andrew Lang, on the other hand, discovered the possibilities of such a study while tracing the career of the Chevalier's son, Prince Charles Edward Stuart. However, "The King over the Water" seems to be mainly the work of Miss Alice Shield, Mr. Lang's part being limited, as he tells us, to supervision and condensation.

When authors write on the same theme, and draw to a large extent from the same sources, their work will naturally show many points of similarity. In the present instance this is strikingly true: in both biographies we have the same favorable picture of the Old Pretender, — they reveal to us the gentle, pious, sympathetic prince, the very antithesis to the coarse profligate that Thackeray describes in Henry Esmond; but they also prove that James was a man of considerable ability and undoubted personal courage, facts that earlier historians, relying on the statements of an anonymous opponent, have been disposed to deny. Both writers have shown clearly the importance of the Stuart pretensions as a factor in eighteenth-century diplomacy. Almost every court in continental Europe seems to have joined, at some time or other, in treaties or plots that aimed at a Stuart restoration; and the biographers have both tried to tell the story of these intrigues with considerable fullness — too much so, perhaps, to ensure a sustained interest on the reader's part.

But there are also notable differences in the books. Miss Shield is interested in the human side of her subject, and gives us a delightful picture of every-day life at Saint Germain and Urbino; her work is primarily a biography. Mr. Haile, on the other hand, deals more with James as pretender to the English crown, with diplomatic intrigues and Jacobite plots. On these points his researches seem to have been thorough and complete; but on many other matters he appears to have contented himself with *a priori* deductions — as, for instance, when he tells us that James III. was proclaimed at the palace gates of Saint Germain "under the title of King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the title of King of France being for obvious reasons omitted." The reasons do seem obvious enough; but Miss Shield, who seems to have investigated the matter, asserts positively

that the Stuarts, even after they had been reduced to financial dependence on Louis XIV., refused to renounce the French title, and that James was proclaimed king of France as well as of Britain.

The authors have also found it necessary to discuss a number of historical problems of general interest, and on some of these most interesting conclusions have been reached. Historians have always suspected that William of Orange was closely connected with the movements preliminary to the Revolution of 1688; but perhaps none has seen the revolution as Mr. Haile views it — a vast conspiracy, conceived, planned, and engineered by the Prince himself. Mr. Haile is also sure that James II. was absolutely honest, and had nothing but the cause of religious toleration at heart, when he issued the Declaration of Indulgence. Louis XIV. is shown to have been not entirely unselfish in his efforts to restore James; he was willing that he should rule again in Scotland and Ireland, but not in England. Even as early as 1694, the Jacobite party, Mr. Haile believes, "was many-times more numerous than had been the Orange faction in 1688." The failure of James he attributes to the lack of adequate resources. The biographers both emphasize Queen Anne's aversion for the House of Hanover; and Mr. Haile, with his usual easy positiveness, states his belief that in 1712 the Queen was actually taking steps toward a restoration of her nephew to the British thrones. The story that James proved such a disappointment to the Scots in 1715 is discredited; perhaps he was the one who was most disappointed. At the same time it seems evident that a heart-sick and ague-stricken Parisian youth was hardly the person to accomplish anything heroic in the winter-locked Highlands. It is interesting to learn that in 1718 representatives of such hostile monarchs as Charles XII. and Peter the Great met in secret conference to discuss joint action in favor of a Stuart restoration, "and their negotiations continued until broken off by the death of Charles XII." The unfortunate quarrel between James and his consort, Queen Clementina, which alienated so much Jacobite support in England (1725), is attributed by Mr. Haile, on what seems reliable evidence, to the influence of Walpole's gold, Cardinal Alberoni acting as agent. The same influence is seen in the negotiations preliminary to the rising in "Forty-five," with the same decisive results.

Except in the case of the "Young Pretender," the attitude toward the members of the exiled



family is in both instances one of sympathy. Miss Shield's estimates are, however, the more critical and satisfactory; she is able to see that Mary of Modena, though an excellent woman, was a poor politician, and that James III. would probably not have made a great ruler. The reader is therefore hardly prepared for the poetic eulogy that follows the account of James's funeral and forms the closing paragraph of the work.

"All was over that was mortal. The old song was sung; the last drama of the awful Stuart cycle was played out. The cause and its glory remained a banquet-hall deserted, whose lights were fled, whose garlands dead, and all but a little few and a mournful memory departed. But that few—and that memory! Green as the unfading pines of the Highland glens, that memory lives forever. And for that few!—We fools esteemed their life madness and their end to be utter destruction, but they are numbered among the heroes of all time. They stood with great constancy against those that afflicted them, and made no account of their sufferings, and they shone as sparks among the stubble of their sordid, self-seeking age. As gold in the furnace were they proved, and in time there has come respect to them."

No doubt many of the Jacobites did suffer and suffered heroically; but general praise like the above is not merited. In the story of the movements for Stuart restoration, self-interest figures to an amazing extent. The Stuart cause was too often used as a handy weapon with which to strike down an opponent. And though the use of this weapon often brought the wielder to poverty and exile, and even to the scaffold, his career is on that account not necessarily heroic. The Stuart partisans strove against the overpowering forces of history, and these are as merciless as they are mighty.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Tactics and strategy of the Gettysburg campaign.*

To defend the military reputation of "Jeb" Stuart, the Confederate cavalry general, Colonel John T. Mosby, the famous partisan leader, has written a book entitled "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Colonel Mosby objects to the assertion of Lee's biographers, and other writers, that Lee's objective when he left Frederick City was Gettysburg, and that he planned to fight there a decisive battle; that there was a race between the two opposing armies for the possession of Gettysburg, and that Lee lost because Stuart with his cavalry was careering about the country out of touch with the army and not furnishing the commander-in-chief with information about the movements of the Federals. Mosby maintains that

Lee, by invading Pennsylvania, meant merely to draw Hooker out of Virginia, and thereby to derange for the year the Federal plan of campaign, and perhaps also to relieve the pressure in the Southwest by causing the withdrawal of troops to the North; that Stuart did not neglect the duty of supplying information, but was doing what Lee had ordered him to do; that there was no race to reach Gettysburg, for Lee had not intended to go there; that he had planned to fight at Cashtown Pass, if at all; and that his plans were frustrated by Heth and Hill, who blundered into a fight at Gettysburg when ordered to make only a reconnoissance. The author thinks that Lee had set a trap into which Hooker was about to fall; that Lee wanted him to come out of Virginia, and either get so far into Pennsylvania that the Confederate army might turn and make a forced march on Washington, or if he should divide his army Lee would then endeavor to destroy it in detail. Meade's succession to the command of the Federal army upset some of Lee's calculations, for Meade was not so easily handled as Hooker had been. Of the battle of Gettysburg, there is no account in this book. It cannot be said that Colonel Mosby proves all his points; but he does prove some of them, and throws new light on others. Only slight literary skill is displayed, and the arrangement of the matter is anything but commendable. The entire book of 220 pages has only two chapters, and the arrangement of foot-notes is execrable—in many places it is difficult to tell whether a quotation belongs in a foot-note or in the text; sometimes a passage begins as a note and ends as a part of the text, producing a most confusing effect. The author's style is over-argumentative, and too often he says disrespectful things of Lee's staff officers who are responsible for the generally accepted views as to Lee's intentions. There is much repetition of argument, some mistakes of memory as to names, and too profuse quotation from the Official Records. The work shows, however, that the author has made a thorough study of military science as bearing on his subject.

*The book of a lover of Italy.*

It is but natural for lovers to be talking about their beloved, and the amiable trait is particularly prominent in lovers of Italy. Even when they grow a bit tiresome, a subtle glow of sympathy softens our impatience or makes gentle our smile. But some of her countless devotees have really interesting things to tell us and have earned the right to be heard. To this fortunate number belongs Mr. William Roscoe Thayer. In his latest volume of studies in Italian life and letters ("Italia," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Thayer has brought together fourteen essays which have appeared in various periodicals since 1893. The papers have been written with special limits in view, and meet their respective purposes admirably. Naturally, there are inequalities of interest; nor is there any unity save in the most general sense. This latter

defect, however, may not be felt very strongly, inasmuch as the American who is interested in "Dante as a Lyric Poet" is often glad to hear about "Thirty Years of Italian Progress." While the reviewer may have enjoyed most the chapters on Cardinal Hohenlohe and "Italy in 1907," many of his readers might easily prefer "Venetian Legends and Pageants," or some of the literary essays. When Mr. Thayer is dealing with contemporary conditions in the Italian peninsula, we find ourselves in hearty accord with his views. Despite the agrarian problems in the South, the nation has every right to be optimistic as it surveys the progress of the last thirty years: in an entirely new sense, the way of hope lies open. When Mr. Thayer deals with questions touching the Papacy and Clericalism, he is laudably outspoken; and here again we are thoroughly in sympathy with his attitude. In the literary essays we could find points that are open to respectful criticism. For instance, in his readable chapter on Carducci there is a tone of complaint that this great author has been unduly neglected outside of Italy. In an important sense, this is hardly true; for the very merits of that really eminent lyric poet bind him more or less closely to his own nation, and his message might have been fraught with less meaning for Italy if it had been more general. On the whole, however, the reflections and verdicts recorded in the volume are such as we should expect from a student and critic of Mr. Thayer's standing.

*New light on the problems of stellar evolution.*

A long expected work on Stellar Evolution, by Dr. George E. Hale, Director of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory in California, has finally been issued by the University of Chicago Press. It is not a treatise on the general subject of stellar evolution, but rather chiefly a popular description of certain phases of astrophysical research—illustrated largely by investigations and experiments made by Dr. Hale and his assistants—which bear upon the problem of the development of the starry universe. The book contains twenty-five chapters, of about ten pages apiece; a third of them consist of descriptions and discussions of instruments. Some of these instruments have been in use at the Yerkes Observatory, of which the author was formerly Director, and others are being built for service at Mount Wilson. The reader gets a new idea of the refinements of modern astronomical research, when he is told that a great reflecting telescope, the mirror of which is sixty inches in diameter, is to be maintained at an even temperature throughout the day by the use of suitable refrigerating machinery; the building in which this optical giant is to be sheltered will be shielded from the direct rays of the sun, and so constructed that no outside air can enter during the day. The necessity for such precautions becomes apparent as one learns that when the mirror was being ground to the true paraboloidal figure tests were made which would reveal irregularities of figure as large as one five hundred thousandth of

an inch. It is impossible in a short notice to give an adequate idea of the contents of a book which discusses subjects ranging from "The Nebular Hypothesis" down to "Opportunities for Amateur Observers." Of the nebular hypothesis the author concludes that "Laplace's idea of the development of the solar system must be reconstructed or abandoned." To the planetesimal hypothesis of the evolution of our system, which has recently been formulated by Chamberlin and Moulton, an entire chapter has been given. At the end of Dr. Hale's interesting and valuable work are upward of a hundred full-page plates, among which are some fine representations of solar phenomena and of notable nebulae; the majority of them are, however, of novel instruments. The volume is an excellent example of fine workmanship in the art of bookmaking.

*Scandinavian texts, annotated in English.*

Modern-language texts for college students have multiplied of late years at such a rate that a large part of the best continental literature has been made available in this annotated form. Hitherto, material of this sort has been confined to the four chief culture languages—German, French, Italian, and Spanish. Scandinavian texts, hitherto unrepresented, are now beginning to take their place with those of the other languages, and the John Anderson Publishing Co., Chicago, is doing useful pioneer work in this direction. Three years ago, this house issued a text of Björnson's "Synnøve Solbakken," a mirably edited by Professor George T. Flom; and now we have from the same source no less a work than Ibsen's "Brand," no less admirably edited by Professor Julius E. Olson. In this case, the editor is a pioneer also; for he has been the first scholar in any country to undertake the difficult and perplexing task of supplying "Brand" with annotations, and they are almost as much needed by Norwegian as by American students. We are very grateful for this edition. In the first place, it supplies us with an accurate text, and corrects many errors that have crept even into the *Minde Udgave* of Ibsen's works. In the second place, it offers a very valuable explanatory introduction, based upon a comprehensive survey of all the sources of information making particular use of the material offered by Jøeger, Brandes, Herford, and the Ibsen letters, and presenting what seems to us a saner and more balanced view of the work than has elsewhere been published. In the third place, it gives us about seventy pages of notes that clear away many difficulties, and provide the reader with an indispensable help to the study of the poem. Besides all this, it prints as an appendix Ibsen's verses "Till de Medskyldige," which preface the "Brand-Fragment" of nearly two hundred stanzas, recently unearthed, and published only a few months ago. A few sentences from Professor Olson's Introduction may be quoted to illustrate his appreciation of the work which he has edited with so much painstaking. "'Brand' is the great central fact of Ibsen's life and authorship. . . . The accidental

theme in hand related to the moral status of his countrymen in an international situation. But the fundamental idea of the drama was plucked from his own heart. It was written in a spirit of sheer necessity to clarify his own thoughts,—to cleanse his own soul. . . . It was written at a time when Ibsen's mind was in a strange ferment,—a time of terrific storm and stress. . . . In this state of mind, he sought and found refuge in literary production—in taking under stern literary chastisement a character like himself and allowing him to follow the bent of his intense soul to the limits. . . . It is a prime artistic virtue of 'Brand' that it inspires the reader with a kindred heroic spirit."

*The familiar problem of Rousseau.*

The problem of Rousseau's life and opinions is always fascinating—for one reason, because it is impossible to solve. It is obscured by inconsistencies and contradictions, by the apparent yet doubtful frankness of amazing confessions, and by the delusions of a disordered mind. There is, too, so much in the life of Rousseau that is likely to bias the investigator, both for and against, that he is liable to become either a special pleader or a criminal prosecutor. In M. Jules Lemaitre's book on Rousseau (McClure) we have the interesting phenomenon of a converted anti-Rousseauite treating the object of his new faith. Yet he has not the blind devotion of the proselyte. He retains enough of the old disbelief to give sanity to his judgment and gains enough love and insight to expound his subject with enthusiasm. His method consists in bringing out by liberal quotation the principles which Rousseau developed in his works, and in showing from the events of his life of what diverse elements this curious genius was compounded. The lectures which form the substance of the volume do not pretend to be a philosophical treatise, but they give a good idea of what Rousseau thought and did. They are written in a free-and-easy style, and are rather familiar talks than formal addresses. The translation by Mme. Charles Bigot (Jeanne Mairot) has some un-English words and constructions, but is on the whole pleasing and is never obscure.

*Confessions of a reformed journalist.*

"Every newspaper office," declares Mr. William Salisbury in his "Career of a Journalist" (B. W. Dodge & Co.), "is a school of cynicism"; and his pages breathe, throughout, a spirit of cynical contempt for his former calling and for himself for having engaged in it. Signed statements, he tells us, were the rage with Mr. Hearst's newspapers, on one of which he was for a short time employed as reporter, and more than one such statement he freely acknowledges himself to have fabricated, the ostensible author seeing it for the first time in print, with his own name under it. These statements, it is further explained, owed their inspiration to no higher source than a city directory, a near-by resort where certain liquids were sold, and a vivid and fertile imagination. For so young a person—he speaks of himself as nineteen

in 1895—this ex-journalist has had an astonishing experience of disillusionment, of sobering disenchantment, and sad realization that behind the glitter and glamour of much that dazzles the eyes of youth there lies nothing more substantial than the shadow of a foolish dream. With a really enviable command of fluent and forcible English, he tells us in his concluding chapter: "I have seen joy and sorrow hold the stage in high life and low life. I have seen many glorious pageants in the world's greatest cities, and I have reported more funerals than I can remember. . . . I have watched victims of tragedies give their dying gasps, and heard the wails of newly made widows and orphans." And so on, at some length. A style subdued to what it so long has worked in contributes no little to the surface charm of Mr. Salisbury's rattling tale—or "story," as it must, in a journalistic sense, be called. The sort of journalism in which he was engaged was certainly, according to his account, an ignoble pursuit; and his book may serve a useful purpose as a warning and example—while not necessarily discouraging to those having the qualifications and ambition for legitimate and honorable newspaper work.

*A racy account of border-life sixty years ago.*

"With the Border Ruffians" (Dutton) is an interesting book, whether regarded as a mere story, as autobiography, or as a description of bygone social conditions. The author, Mr. R. H. Williams, was a roving Englishman, who came to the United States in 1852 in search of fortune and adventure. He spent two years in the mountains of what is now the southern border of West Virginia, four years in Kansas territory during the border troubles, and eight years on the Texas frontier during and after the Civil War. In 1868 he returned to England, settled down to a quiet life, and eventually became a justice of the peace. He wrote out his American journal in 1902, but its publication has been deferred until now. The style of the book is colloquial and without pretense of literary finish, but is lively enough to hold the attention of the most listless reader. Historical allusions are somewhat careless and inaccurate, but the description of social conditions at the three points upon the margin of civilization, where the writer lived, is unsurpassed. The title is misleading in that it gives the impression that the book deals chiefly with the Kansas conflict. Only a small part relates to that subject, but this part is interesting as a reflection of pro-slavery prejudices and point of view. More than two-thirds of the whole deals with the Texas period, and gives vivid pictures of ranch life, Indian raids, and bushwhacking, during the Civil War. Especially important is the light the book throws upon the cruelty and corruption of the Confederate service upon the frontier. There is no apparent good reason why the author should have felt so strong a call to defend Southern rights, but like many young men at the outbreak of the war he mistook a love of excitement for patriotism.



## BRIEFER MENTION.

A volume of "Aphorisms and Reflections," selected from the writings of T. H. Huxley by his widow, is published by The Macmillan Co. Huxley was one of the mentiest of writers, and bears well this somewhat searching test of the quality of his thought. An elaborate index makes this little book a veritable boon to the literary worker in need of apt illustrative quotations. Huxley's range was so wide that no seeker is likely to close the book quite empty-handed.

"The Appreciation of Music," by Messrs. Thomas Whitney Surette and Daniel Gregory Mason, is published by the Baker & Taylor Co. in a series which already includes volumes upon the appreciation of literature and other forms of art. It presents "in clear and untechnical language an account of the evolution of musical art from the primitive folk-song up to the symphony of Beethoven," illustrating the stages of this development by musical examples, and providing detailed analyses of many typical compositions. The volume has several portrait illustrations.

Messrs E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers of a series of small books collectively entitled "The Wisdom of the East." The general editorship of these books (ten in number) is in the hands of Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. S. A. Kapadia. The special editing is also in competent hands, for we note such names as those of Professor L. D. Barnett, Mr. Lionel Giles, and others. Three of the volumes are given to Confucius, one to the Chinese mystic Chuang Tzu, two to the Persians, two to the Arabs, one to the Vedanta philosophy, and one to the teachings of Buddha. They appear to be excellent little books, combining text and commentary in a useful way, and well calculated to popularize the religious philosophies of the Asiatic world.

The book-lover (in all senses of the term) will find his account in a volume upon Horace, which comes to us in a limited edition from the Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont, and is edited by Messrs. Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana. It is essentially a volume of illustrative examples of the Roman poet, given in English translations selected from the bewildering variety of versions that are at hand for choice. The translations range all the way from Cowley and Dryden to Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Roswell Field, and are classified according to subject. Besides these, the volume contains a group of interesting essays upon Horatian themes, such as the friends, the loves, the education, and the religion of the poet. Last of all, there are about thirty judiciously-chosen illustrations. The volume is delightful to view and to handle, and there can be no doubt concerning the warmth of the welcome it will get from all true Horatians.

## NOTES.

A new school edition of the first six books of the "Æneid" comes to us from Messrs. B. H. Sanborn & Co. It is the work of Messrs. H. R. Fairclough and Seldon L. Brown, and is equipped for student use with a very comprehensive modern apparatus.

Two posthumous papers by "Ouida," dealing with matters of especial interest to women, are to be published, so saith report, in "Lippincott's Magazine" with the fall of the leaf. The Lippincott vaults have held

the manuscripts for several years, agreement having been made that these late products of the romancer's pen should see the light only after her death. It is expected that they will create something of a sensation.

"The Witchcraft Delusion in Colonial Connecticut," by Mr. John M. Taylor, is an interesting addition to the Grafton Historical Series, published at the Grafton Press. The work is prepared directly from the sources, and constitutes an authoritative addition to our colonial history.

With its July number, "The Forum" reverts from the quarterly method of publication to its original plan of monthly issue. Fiction will hereafter be admitted, the opening chapters of Mr. Joseph Conrad's new serial, "The Point of Honor," being published in the July number.

The Messrs. Scribner import for the American market a volume of selected poems by Carducci, translated and appreciatively prefaced by Miss Maud Holland. The Italian text faces the pages of translation, which gives the book an additional interest. We wish only that there were more of it.

From the Columbia University Press we have a study, by Mrs. Juliana Haskell, of "Bayard Taylor's Translation of Goethe's Faust." The writer is mainly concerned to inquire whether the translation may be considered an English poem, and her conclusion is a decided negative. In this we think she is right, however much we may admire the scholarship and the painstaking fidelity of Taylor's version.

Mr. Stanley Paul, for the past six years manager of the publishing house of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., London, has recently embarked in business on his own account, with offices in Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street. It is Mr. Paul's intention to devote particular attention to the exploitation of American books in the British and Colonial markets, and he is desirous of making arrangements with American authors and publishers toward that end.

Legal protection for correspondence against unauthorized publication has long been felt to be a desideratum. The recent Publishers' Congress at Madrid expressed the wish that each country there represented should by formal legislation declare all letters to be literary property and protected by the laws relating to literary property in general, and therefore not legally publishable without the consent of both parties to the correspondence, their heirs or assigns.

Professor J. E. Spingarn has edited, and the Oxford Clarendon Press has published, two volumes of "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century." Dryden alone does not appear, since his critical writings may be had in the admirable edition of Professor Ker. On the other hand, Professor Gregory Smith's "Elizabethan Critical Essays" prepares the way for the present work. Twenty-five authors are represented, including Bacon, Jonson, Chapman, Milton, Davenant, Hobbes, and Cowley.

A new life of Sydney Dobell is one of the literary enterprises soon to be taken in hand by that industrious book-compiler and book dealer, Mr. Bertram Dobell. He writes to the London "Athenæum" asking all holders of the poet's letters to lend them to him for use in the proposed biography. A very full life in two large volumes was published in 1878, but Mr. Dobell thinks there is need of a shorter and more critical account of this charming but too little read poet.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 40 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

**King Edward VI.: An Appreciation.** By Sir Clements R. Markham. With portraits. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 256. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

**Colonel Sanderson, M.P.: A Memoir.** By Reginald Lucas. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 396. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

**Critical Miscellanies.** By John Morley. Vol. IV., 12mo, uncut, pp. 340. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Works of Charles William Pearson.** In 3 vols., each 12mo, gilt top. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Per set, \$3. net; per vol., \$1.25 net.

**The Works of James Buchanan:** Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and edited by John Bassett Moore. Vol. III., 1838-1838. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 825. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5. net.

**Argumentation and Debating.** By William T. Foster. 12mo, pp. 486. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35 net.

**Stories New and Old: Typical American and English Tales.** Selected, with Introductions, by Hamilton Wright Mable. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 451. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

**Good Citizenship.** By Grover Cleveland. 16mo, pp. 78. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cts.

## NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

**The Works of William Ernest Henley.** Complete edition, in 7 vols. Vols. I. and II., Poems; Vols. III. and IV., Essays. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt tops. London: David Nutt.

**The Defence of Poesie, A Letter to Q. Elizabeth, and a Defence of Leicester.** By Sir Philip Sidney; edited by George E. Woodberry. Limited edition; 8vo, uncut, pp. 127. "Humanists' Library." Boston: The Merrymount Press. \$6.

**Molière.** Trans. into English Verse by Curtis Hidden Page; with Introduction by Brander Matthews. In 2 vols., with photogravure portrait, 8vo, gilt tops. "French Classics for English Readers." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5. net.

**The Knights of the Burning Pestle.** By Beaumont and Fletcher; edited, with Introduction, by Herbert S. Murch. 8vo, pp. 309. Henry Holt & Co. Paper.

## FICTION.

**Halfway House.** By Maurice Hewlett. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 424. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

**The Wayfarers.** By Mary Stuart Cutting. Illus., 12mo, pp. 374. McClure Co. \$1.50.

**The Post-Girl.** By Edward C. Booth. With frontispiece in tint, 12mo, pp. 469. Century Co. \$1.50.

**The Open Window: Tales of the Months.** By the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife." With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 381. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

**Fate's a Fiddler.** By Edwin George Pinkham. Illus. in tint, etc., 12mo, pp. 417. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

**Julie's Diary: A Personal Record.** 12mo, uncut, pp. 301. John W. Luce & Co.

**Vigorous Daunt: Billionaire.** By Ambrose Pratt. Illus., 12mo, pp. 279. R. F. Fenne & Co. \$1.50.

**The New "East Lynne."** By Clara Morris. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 326. New York: C. H. Doscher & Co. \$1. net.

**The Mystery of Monastery Farm.** By H. R. Naylor. 12mo, pp. 135. Eaton & Matsa. 75 cts.

## POLITICS.—SOCIOLOGY.—ECONOMICS.

**Present-day Problems: A Collection of Addresses Delivered on Various Occasions.** By William H. Taft. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 355. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Kingdom of Canada, Imperial Federation, and Other Essays.** By John S. Ewart. Large 8vo, pp. 376. Toronto: Morang & Co.

**The 20th Century American.** By H. Perry Robinson. 8vo, pp. 463. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

**Social Psychology: An Outline and Source Book.** By Edward Alsworth Ross. 12mo, pp. 372. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

**The King's Customs.** By Henry Atton and Henry H. Holland; with Preface by F. S. Parry. With frontispiece, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 489. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

**Value, Price, and Profit.** By Karl Marx; edited by Eleanor Marx Aveling. 16mo, pp. 128. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

**Changes in the Theory and Tactics of the (German) Social Democracy.** By Paul Kampffmeyer; trans. by Winfield R. Gaylord. 16mo, pp. 164. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

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**Notes sur Les États-Unis.** By André Tardieu. 12mo, pp. 381. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. Paper.

## NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

**Gardens, Old and New: The Country House and Its Garden Environment.** Edited by H. Avray Tipping. Illus., 4to, gilt edges, pp. 146. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$12. net.

**American Insects.** By Vernon L. Kellogg; Illus. in color, etc., by Mary Wellman. Second edition, revised; 4to, gilt top, pp. 694. "American Nature Series." Henry Holt & Co. \$5. net.

**Our Bird Friends.** By George F. Burba. Illus. in color, etc., 8vo, pp. 152. Outing Publishing Co. \$1.

## ART.

**Jewellery.** By H. Clifford Smith. Illus. in color, etc., large 8vo, pp. 410. "Connoisseur's Library." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$7.50 net.

**A History of Art.** By Dr. G. Caroti. Vol. I., Ancient Art, revised by Mrs. Arthur Strong. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 420. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

## EDUCATION.

**Elementary Experiments in Psychology.** By Carl E. Seashore. 12mo, pp. 218. Henry Holt & Co. \$1. net.

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